

SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL

Edinburgh Is Quiet City With a Stormy Past.

Has a Reputation for Conviviality, but Is an Early Closing Town—St. Giles, the Magnificent Old Cathedral, Has Many Interesting Relics.

It is hard to believe that any city could quite live up to such a site as Edinburgh's, and the Scotch were not presumptuous to call their capital the Athens of the north. Something in Scottish intellectuality has saved Edinburgh, though long bereft of the parliament that she is now making ready to ask back at the hands of England, from sinking into more provincialism. At the same time the city is one of singularly quiet ways, oddly in contrast with her stormy past. In spite of her repulse for conviviality, she is an early closing town, and there is little gaiety in the streets after half-past ten o'clock, while her best-known and most fashionable restaurant serves a very indifferent table d'hôte at two shillings sixpence.

Few things in Edinburgh strike the traveler with more of almost humorous surprise than a Presbyterian church which is really a magnificent old cathedral. St. Giles, although not so huge a structure as many English cathedrals, and less noble in outward aspect than many other great churches, is a rich and glorious thing within, where the tattered battle flags of Scotland hang in the light of windows warm with the loveliest stained glass. As to the Thistle chapel, it is a little gem of wood carving, and studiously low-toned glazing. A brass upon one of the inner walls of St. Giles commemorates the bold Scot who, summoned by the king of England, declined in the royal presence to aid in fixing episcopacy upon Scotland.

If St. Giles stands as a monument to Scotland's stormy ecclesiastical history, the ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh not far away in a lovely bit of Scottish country speak peace to the



St. Giles' Cathedral.

soul of him who has an imagination easily touched by the past. Melrose, hemmed in as it is by a populous little city, loses something of its native grace, though it is inexpressibly lovely even without the moonlight that Scott recommended. Dryburgh, however, is nobly set in a lonely spot, and nothing in the British Isles can be more touchingly beautiful than its mellow ruins. Not even the raucous voice of the local Scottish guide explaining the history and architecture of the place to forty or fifty of one fellow-American can spoil the effect of that rarely serene and restful spot. When the guide and his attentive audience have passed out of earshot it is something to sit amid the ruins, gaze across the sunny and deliciously green quadrangle enclosed by part of the walls and imagine the cooed and silent monks again moving about their cloisters, sunning themselves upon their stone benches or stalking with measured tread to prayers at the sound of the abbey bells. In the quiet of the delicious ruins, sequestered from the world outside by a dense growth of noble beeches, evergreens and flowering shrubs, Dryburgh's thousand years speak with a voice more eloquent than any that ever sounded from her pulpit.

BLACK BREAD IS BEST FOOD

German Scientist Recommends It for the Working Classes—Will Help Weak Stomachs.

Berlin.—Doctor Kunert, one of the highest authorities on food analysis, considers that black rye bread should be the chief item of nourishment of healthy men and women, and maintains that, in earlier times, when the working classes did not eat meat to any extent, but nourished themselves on black bread leguminous food and groats, they were full of pith, and were strong and healthy. Since meat, wheaten bread and sugar became the staple of daily fare their power of resisting disease has sunk. Even for weak stomachs Doctor Kunert prefers black bread.

Says She Kissed Lafayette. Boston.—Mrs. Emily Chamberlain, who has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday, declared that in 1824, when General Lafayette was in this country, she was among the school children who cast flowers before him and were kissed by him.

TO RECLAIM SAHARA DESERT

Modern Methods and Machinery Follow Advent of Italian Civilization in Tripoli.

Paris.—Following the advent of Italian civilization in Tripoli—formerly part of Turkey's North African empire—modern methods and machinery are rapidly being brought into play to reclaim its sandy wastes, as the French have done in the neighboring states of Algeria and Tunisia, and as the English have done in Egypt.

Lack of water for irrigation being the chief handicap of Italy's new colonies of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, every effort is being made by the conquerors to develop the precious fluid. In the picture is shown a windmill which, it is confidently predicted, will solve the problem. It is not an ordinary windmill. The usual flimsy type of air-motor manufactured in



New Windmill for Sahara.

the United States and Europe could not resist for an hour the tremendous windstorms—the Simoom—which sweep in from the desert.

Windmills of every description have been tested in these northern outposts on the Sahara without success until the pictured machine was introduced. In this mill the multiple-blade principle has been discarded in favor of a five-bladed wheel, which affords ample passage for all surplus wind pressures, but which by reason of the great spread of its blades will revolve in the lightest breeze.

A LAKE UNDER PHILADELPHIA

Engineers Say Quicksand May Infiltrate Skyscrapers Any Time in Quaker City.

Philadelphia.—Engineers in charge of the excavations for the foundations of the addition to the Ritz-Carlton hotel at Broad and Walnut streets asserted that central Philadelphia with its skyscrapers is resting on a floating island and may at any moment be ingulfed in quicksand.

Forty-five feet below the street level workmen poked their picks through the shell-like covering of an underground lake, the waters of which rise and fall with the movements of the tide. The engineers assert that far underground this "lost water" is ebbing and flowing just like at the open seashore.

How high the water rises or how low it falls is difficult to figure, they say, for this subterranean flood which is surging backward and forward beneath Philadelphia is not "free" water.

MAN'S TROUSERS BLEW OUT

Garment Contained \$180 in 'Em, and Whole Train Got Excited Over Accident.

Los Angeles.—Without trousers and minus \$180 contained therein, Smith Beavers, a traveling salesman, gave passengers on a west-bound train a scare. The train was speeding sixty miles an hour between Ontario and Los Angeles when Beavers' trousers slipped out of a window in the sleeping car. Beavers made known his predicament with shouts and wild gesticulations.

The train was stopped and the conductor telephoned back to Ontario, requesting the baggage agent to institute a search for his passenger's garment. The train then resumed its journey to Los Angeles with Beavers wrapped in a blanket.

The trousers were found with the money in 'em.

CATCHES 35-POND LOBSTER

Record-Breaking Crustacean Found by New York Fisherman Near Scotland Lightship.

New York.—A Fulton Market fisherman, trawling near the Scotland Lightship, pulled out of the water a lobster, the largest ever caught in this vicinity, old-timers say. It weighs 35 pounds, a full pound more than the former record holder. It is 16 inches around the body, and its left claw is 19 inches long. It is about fifty years old.

Will Help Former Slaves.

New Orleans.—William Reilly, owner of a large plantation at Monroe, near here, notified all the former slaves of his father and their descendants, that he is going to cut the plantation up into farms, build each of them a home, stock the farms and let them run them themselves under consideration that they ask credit of no one.

STRENUOUS HINT TO GO



Reggy—I was weeding an aw-account of a woman being hooked to death by a beastly cow, doncher know. Weally, I cawn't imagine a more how-while affair, can you?
Peggy—No, Reggy, unless it is being bored to death by a calf.

WHAT HE THOUGHT



Silas Cornatossle (of the cross-roads village)—Ther parson said in his sermon yesterday that all flesh is grass.
Hiram Hayrick—Wa'al, I think he's got a nerve ter call us all hayseeds to our faces.

LOGICAL



Doyle—Ptwat's th' rayson O'Tools do be ather havin' a tin weddin', Oi wonder?
Boyle—Faith, an' it's because he's been married to his old woman tin years, Oi'm thinkin'.

AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB



Mrs. Jackson—Mrs. De Smeat doesn't believe in tight lacing.
Mrs. Jackson—I know. Why, she even insists upon wearing button shoes.

WELL TRAINED



De Quiz—How are the mosquitoes in your neighborhood, Old Man?
De Whis—in splendid condition thank you.

SAVING UP



Stenographer—The bookkeeper, I think, is going to get married!
Invoice Clerk—How do you know?
Stenographer—He walks to work, smokes a pipe and eats ten-cent lunches.

MAYBE ARREST AFTER ALL



Bank President—No, the cashier's gone out of town.
Caller—Gone for a rest, I suppose?
Bank President (absently)—Don't know whether he's gone for a rest or to escape it.

WISE TO THE GAME



"Women won't find campaigning as easy as they expect."
"That's so. The female candidates won't be able to jolly the women voters by going around and kissing their babies."

GREENLAND PARENT



"My sweetheart is coming to call tonight."
"Well, I want you to go to bed by the first of March; that is late enough to sit up with any fellow."

THERE ARE OTHERS



Mrs. Wise—Children in these days are very mature.
Mrs. Green—Yes, indeed; why, my little boy often finds fault with the coffee just like his father.

Bring Your

Job Work

To
The Optic Office
It Will Be
Done Quickly and
Rightly

The
Optic Pub.
Co.

PHONE MAIN 2

THE ONLY UNION OFFICE IN TOWN